

DR. J. F. PIGOTT,
Corvinton, La.
Residence in the Exterstein raised
apartment, two blocks west of public
school building.
Office at the City Drug Store on Co-
vinton street.

GEORGE B. SMART,
Attorney and Counselor at Law
COVINGTON,
And 805 Hibernia Bank Building, New
Orleans.

E. ELMO BOLLINGER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
SLIDELL, LA.
Office in bank building. Notary pub-
lic in office.

JOS. B. LANCASTER,
Attorney at Law,
Corvinton, La.
Will attend to civil business in con-
nection with his office as District At-
torney.

B. B. WARREN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Corvinton, La.
Office on Main street, opposite the
bank.
Residence: New Hampshire street,
near Rutland.
Office Phone 68. Residence Phone 68.

DR. H. E. GAUTREAU,
Physician and Surgeon
Office Southern Hotel Building.
Hours: 9:30 to 11:30 a.m. and 2 to 4
p.m.
Phones: Office, 213-3; Residence, 84.

DR. A. C. GRIBBLE,
DENTIST.
Southern Hotel Building.
Best references in town.

DR. A. H. GRIMMER,
DENTIST,
Corvinton, Louisiana.
Hours: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Phone No. 218.
Frederick Building.

J. M. YATES,
Parish Surveyor
FOLSOM, LA.
All orders left with Howard Burns,
Corvinton, La., or addressed to J. M.
Yates, Folsom, La., will receive prompt
attention.

S. W. RAWLINS' SON
Cotton Factor and
Commission Merchant
530 Union St., New Orleans, La.



KEEPING
the quality of
your goods a
secret is what
you accom-
plish when
you don't ad-
vertise them.

You know they're
best; so do a few
others! But the
general public—
are they informed? Tell
them! Don't keep
it a dark secret.

**Let the light
shine through
the columns
of this paper.**

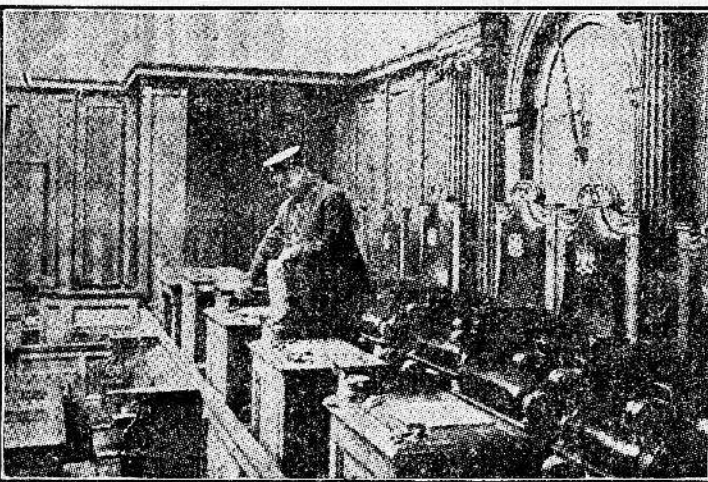
(Copyright, 1929, by W. N. U.)

TRADE MORAL—Nobody would
have known the Good Samar-
itan's kind act were it not for
our Saviour's parable. Be the
home folks' Good Samaritan.
Mr. Merchant; make this pa-
per your commercial bible;
write your own parable and
put it in our advertising col-
umns.

The World's Wonders

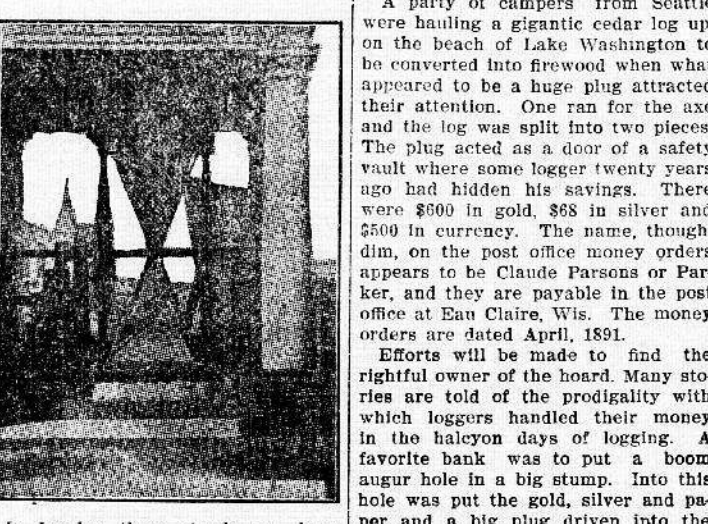
STRANGE THINGS FOUND IN VARIOUS
PORTIONS OF THE EARTH

Relic of Jail-Fever Days



A curious custom still observed in the central criminal court of Lon-
don is that of placing sweet herbs on the bench. It dates from the days
when jail-fever was prevalent and the rankness of the air in the courts was
such that it was necessary to provide some counteracting scent for those
whose duty it was to administer justice.

HOARD IN A FLOATING LOG



In London there stands an hour
glass that undoubtedly is the largest
ever constructed. It contains more
than 100 pounds of sand. When the
lower bulb is filled the frame turns
over, and the process is reversed to
mark the flight of another 60 minutes.
So huge is this glass that the revolu-
tion is made by a hydraulic engine,
shown on the left of the picture. The
height of the glass is nearly 12 feet.

RODENT HAS MONEY TO BURN

A pet red squirrel belonging to Otto
Speltz, farmer, of Bellingham, Wash.,
has been under surveillance ever since
he was discovered tearing a \$5 Cana-
dian bill to pieces. Speltz rescued the
money and sent it to Ottawa for redem-
ption.

CHILD WITH TWO HEADS

A most wonderful child is the six-
year-old daughter of John O. Nelson
of Brooklyn Hills, N. Y. She has two
well developed heads; and though un-
able either to sit up or walk, her gen-
eral health is good, and she possesses
normal intelligence.
When the child was born the doc-
tors said she could not live, but Mr.
Nelson, possessed of considerable
means, engaged the best physicians
and gave the little one the most care-
ful attention, sparing no expense in
trying to make the delicate infant a
healthy child. According to her fa-
ther the child speaks English and Ger-
man with equal fluency, using both
mouths when she speaks.

NEEDLE IN GIRL FIVE YEARS

The 13-year-old daughter of Charles
Clayton, a farmer at Pleasant Plains,
half way between Toms River and
Lakewood, N. J., five years ago swal-
lowed a large needle. This needle has
just been removed from her body at
the base of the spinal column.
The needle was found and removed
in a peculiar way. As the little girl
went to bed and pulled the quilts up
over herself she gave a scream of
pain. Her mother found the child
crying and saying that her hip hurt
her. The only thing her parents
could think of was that in some way
she had dislocated the hip, and they
sent five miles to Toms River for Dr.
E. C. Disbrow. He found the hip all
right. The child still complained of
the pain, and at last he found a small
projection. Anaesthetics were applied,
an incision made and by means of
forceps the needle was pulled out.
The child is well again. The only
time she was given any trouble with
the needle was the night before it
was taken out.

KEPT HIS WIFE'S SKELETON

An extraordinary instance of a hus-
band's devotion to his wife's memory
has just been revealed at Bukharest.
An inventory of property left by
Miklos Denner, a merchant, was being
made, when the skeleton of a woman
was discovered locked up in a cup-
board. It was at first thought that
a murder had been committed, but
inquiry showed that the skeleton was
that of Denner's wife, who died a
natural death ten years ago, and was
buried in the ordinary way.
The husband was inconsolable till
he secretly exhumed his wife's re-
mains, and hid the skeleton in the
bedroom. The skeleton is to be re-
interred in Denner's grave.

Adding the Insult.

Bonney (morning of the second day
out)—Come, old boy, let's go out on
deck. Breakfast won't be served for
half an hour yet, and a brisk walk on
an empty stomach will do you good.
Klabber (freely trying to smile)—
Take a walk on yours, if you like,
chappie. Mine is—entirely too
empty.

WHEN THE DEAD RETURN

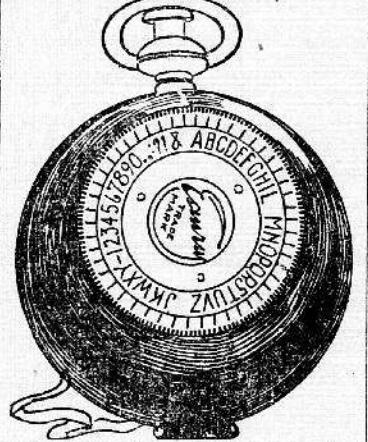
This is a story of mistaken identity
of remarkable character. Mary McGo-
nigle was struck by a trolley car in
New York last April and died shortly
afterwards in a hospital. On notifica-
tion from the coroner, her relatives
came to view the body and she was
identified by her son, her sister, her
brother and a cousin; a burial permit
was issued in the name of Mary Mc-
Gonigle; an insurance company paid
\$117 on the life of Mary McGonigle;
the traction company paid \$350 for the
funeral of Mary McGonigle; the body
of Mary McGonigle now lies in Cal-
vary cemetery.

Late one night recently Mary Mc-
Gonigle in the flesh walked into her
sister's home.

To say there was surprise at her
visit would underestimate the emotions of
the relatives. The sister screamed;
the brother dropped his new clay pipe
and a small niece fainted. Mrs. Mc-
Gonigle herself was surprised but
placid; she had not read the newspa-
pers, and did not know that she was
supposed to be dead.

Then came explanations. Mary Mc-
Gonigle had been buried all right, but
it was the wrong Mary. The living
woman is in private service and her
address fluctuates with her employ-
ment. The dead woman who bears
such an extraordinary resemblance to
her was no relative, but had known
her, and had given her address to the
hospital. The undertaker who buried
the late Mary, was summoned to view
the living Mary. "I never saw such a
resemblance," he gasped, "and I've
buried many."

SMALLEST OF TYPEWRITERS

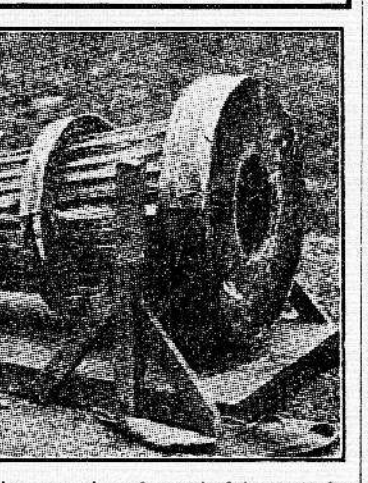


Some ingenious man in Europe has
invented a typewriter so small that it
can be carried in the waistcoat pocket.
This tiniest of all writing ma-
chines is made in the form of a watch.
The letters make their mark under the
pressure of the knob within the ring
and the writing is done on a narrow
strip of glued paper.

FIFTY-POUND HAILSTONE

The notoriety of setting a new stan-
dard for all stories of big hailstones
befell William Dittenhafer, a cellar
digger of York, Pa., entirely unso-
lited. He found a mass of many hail-
stones congealed or melted together,
thirty-six inches long, fourteen inches
wide and five inches thick, in a deep
depression in the lawn. This mass
weighed more than fifty pounds.

Cannon Used at Agincourt



London's army pageant is providing a series of wonderful spectacles
for the people and at the same time gives them valuable lessons in the
history of warfare since the earliest days of the English as a nation. All the
costumes are historically correct and in many of the tableaux there are used
the actual weapons of the period represented. The old cannon, including a
serpentine gun used in the battle of Agincourt, attract especial attention.

Snake Binds Owl to Tree

Charles Allison of Nashville, Ind.,
relates a peculiar experience with a
snake and an owl. He was walking
along the creek carrying his gun, when
he noticed a large owl sitting in an
old dead tree. He shot three times,
and says he knew he hit the bird each
time, as it would drop its wings when
he discharged the gun. On going
closer to the tree he found why the
owl did not fall. A large blacksnake
had wound around the bird, and had
its head hanging down the tree. He
shot the snake, then the owl and re-
piled both fell into the water.

Nine Points in Law.

A little three-year-old was being
made ready for a bath, much to her
discomfort, as she heartily disliked
soap and water. "Don't dip water in
my eyes," she said, "and don't dip
soap in my nose."
Thinking to quiet her, her mother
said: "Never mind, Dorothy, it's my
nose, anyway."
"Well, I don't care," replied Dorothy
with feeling; "it's me that's using it."
—The Delineator.

A Colonist of Canaan

By Izola Forrester

The Southwestern flier drew up at
Canaan Junction. It never stopped,
merely slowed up long enough to
throw out the mail sack, and give the
curly-headed boy in the express car a
chance to call hello to Nell.

But today it stopped, stopped while
one man swung off a sleeper, and the
porter dropped a suit case and grip
on the platform beside him.

The man left behind was young, so
young that he had outgrown his years,
and there was a latent, careless
strength, mixed with awkwardness
about him that reminded one of a cub.
Nell took one look at him and
caught her breath sharply. She knew
him in an instant, but there was a
bare chance that he had forgotten her.
It had been four years, and four years
is a lengthy stretch when one is 17.

He set the suit case down under the
ticket shelf, and went back to the
water bucket.

"It's hot enough down here, isn't
it?" She watched him drain the tin
cup a second time before she an-
swered: "We don't mind it much."

"I suppose not. I came from the
north. Don't suppose you know any-
body here named Acton?"

The girl's hand closed tightly over
the package of letters she had drawn
from the mail sack. Her back was to-
ward him. But her voice was steady
and natural.

"No, I don't."
"You'd be pretty likely to know,
handling all the mail, and so on,
wouldn't you?"

"Oh, yes, I would know. I know the
name of everybody in this town!"

"Except mine."
He came over to the ledge and
leaned one elbow on it, smiling in at
her cheerfully. She did not answer.

"Maybe he's using a different name,"
he went on, presently. "He had
told himself over and over again, it
wasn't."

A hundred suggestions and plans
swirled through her mind as she lis-
tened to him chat of the new town hall
at Alcazar. Then all at once there
was a dead silence, and she turned
quickly. The colonel stood in the cen-
ter of the little depot, his hands
clasped comfortably under his coat
tails, his lips pursed up for a whistle.
And he was looking at the suitcase un-
der the window ledge, a suitcase with
the owner's name written boldly across
it, "J. P. Dexter."

Nell leaned her hands on the desk
and waited tensely. She had forgot-
ten to hide the suitcase.

"Well, honey girl, the cat wouldn't
stay put, would it? And you going to
all this trouble just to try and save
your dad from himself?" The colonel
spoke very calmly, very reflectively,
almost with a glint of humor in his
blue eyes, as he saw the look on Nell's
face. "When did Jack Dexter get
here?"

"Father, listen." She put both
hands up on his shoulders and leaned
her face against his chin. She was
just about on a level with his chin.
"You must take this train. Surely,
when you know you're in the right,
it doesn't matter what other people
think. They don't know for sure that
you are here yet. The night operator
said you were, but I know he isn't cer-
tain. I can turn Jack Dexter away.
He didn't know me at all. Think of
them sending him down here to bring
you back, the boy that owed every-
thing to you."

"He had to do his duty if they sent
him. I certainly wish it had been
some one else. I always get a heap of
Jack. He's a right time boy. Studied
law with the judge after we left, Nell.
I understand he's prosecuting attor-
ney."

From the bridge came the whistle
of the 1:10. She was on time to the
minute. The ticker was calling the
Canaan operator, and she went to it,
the tears streaming from her eyes. As
the local pulled in the colonel stood
in the doorway and swept his broad-
brimmed felt hat off in a general sal-
ute.

And the 1:10 pulled out without its
extra passenger.

Somebody came hurrying along the
platform and into the depot.

"I can't locate him yet, but I'm going
to stay over—" Jack Dexter stopped
short and whistled softly under his
breath. The colonel held Nell close to
him, and smiled.

"How are you, boy, how are you?"
he said, heartily. "I can't offer you my
hand, because, you see, they're both
engaged. I'm mighty glad to see you
again, Jack. Just take your suitcase
right over to my house, sir, and we'll
have a good dinner before we start
north tonight. "He put up one hand
as Jack started to explain, and shook
his head warily. "No need for ex-
planations. I understand the situation
thoroughly. I don't want to disturb
Nell here, with any of the details."

"But, Colonel Acton," Jack ex-
claimed. "You don't know what I'm
after, sir. I came down to let you
know that that indictment is squashed
flatter than a pancake. The whole city
is waiting to welcome you back, if
you'll only come. The president of the
bank confessed to the full amount,
swore he had made a scapegoat of you,
sir, and then gracefully committed sui-
cide. It was the wisest thing he'd
done in five years."

"Well, now, that's—too bad," the
colonel said, regretfully. "He need not
have done that. I was comfortable
down here. It's home to Nell and my-
self. In fact, we feel rather respon-
sible for the future of Canaan. Mighty
fine of you to come down and let me
know, Jack, though; mighty fine."

"I wanted to be the first to tell you,
sir." Dexter's hand gripped the col-
onel's closely.

The colonel smiled in a pleased, com-
fortable fashion all his own.

"We keep our word, we Actons," he
said. "Don't we, Nell?"

"I can hardly say that," she faltered.
"I didn't tell the truth to Mr. Dex-
ter when he asked me if I knew you.
I just couldn't. I don't know what he
must think of me."

"Think of you?" gasped Dexter. "I
think you are the bravest, truest,
bestest—"

The colonel glanced at his watch.
"We will all lunch in honor of the
occasion over at the hotel, sir. Jack,
just give my little girl your arm along
Main street. I'll lock up the station
and carry the suitcase until the next
train comes along. No, sir, I can't
permit it, as my guest, you will allow
me to have my way." Jack hesitated
still, looking down at the heavy sui-
tcase, and the colonel gave him a deli-
cate poke in the side. "Ladies first,
sir, right about face—forward, march!"

THE DRUGGIST.

I am a druggist, lorn, and lone,
A being without guile.
When strangers grab my telephone
I merely smile.

A big directory I keep.
And should, through any stress,
You want my aid, I'll in it peep
For an address.

I have on hand of glue and string
A large and free supply.
I'll gladly get you anything
You'd like to try.

At midnight I climb slowly to
My little cot to camp.
But I'll get up to furnish you
A postage stamp.

Emotions I have learned to curb;
I've always helpful been.
And naught that happens can disturb
My gentle grin.

Warden Not Much for Changes.

When George J. Warden took his
manufacturing business to a new loca-
tion recently it was a noteworthy
thing for him to do. For Warden is
about as little addicted to making
changes as any man in Cleveland. He
himself was speaking of this fact a
day or two ago.

"I lived more than 36 years in the
same house on old Perry street, he re-
marked, "and for 42 years I took milk

WANTS HER LETTER PUBLISHED

For Benefit of Women who
Suffer from Female Ills

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I was a great
sufferer from female troubles which
caused a weakness and broken down
condition of the system. I read so
much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Ve-
getable Compound had done for other
suffering women I felt sure it would
help me, and I must say it did help me
wonderfully. My
pains all left me,
I was a perfectly well woman.
I want this letter made public to
show the benefit women may derive
from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable
Compound."—Mrs. Jennie C. Moran,
2115 Second St., North, Minneapolis,
Minn.



Thousands of uncollected and genu-
ine testimonials like the above prove
the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound, which is made
exclusively from roots and herbs.

Women who suffer from those dis-
tressing ills peculiar to their sex should
not lose sight of these facts or doubt
the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound to restore their
health.

If you want special advice write to
Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass.
She will treat your letter as strictly
confidential. For 20 years she
has been helping sick women in
this way, free of charge. Don't
hesitate—write at once.

It is afflicted with
Thompson's Eye Water

"PLAY WITH THE CHILDREN"

Fabled Fountain of Youth Could Not
Be More Potent Than Association
With Little Ones.

"Play with the children!" was the
recurrent advice of a wise and suc-
cessful man. "This will keep your
heart young, your viewpoint fresh,
your wit sparkling. The child heart is
at once the purest and the happiest
in all nature; the child tongue is a
transfiguring power."

Something of this indubitable power
attaches to good stories of those naive
and innocent "little ones" scripturally
declared specially blessed and potent.
The child mind transforms, the child
touch lifts to glad laughter incidents
and accidents not otherwise worth
noting. Witness this little tale of the
careful mother to whom came a tiny
son all agog over the acquirement of
new and forbidden knowledge.

"Mother!" cried the child, baby
eyes shining, baby cheeks glowing,
"do you know what I'll be hornsogled
means?"

"No, dear," said the mother, sol-
emnly, seizing the opportunity to im-
plant a lesson. "I'm sure I do not."

"Well, I do," was the ecstatic an-
swer, the suggested lesson being ut-
terly ignored. "It means just the
same as 'I'll be gol-darned!'"

Qualified.
A prominent western attorney tells
of a boy who once applied at his of-
fice for work.

"This boy was bright looking and I
rather took to him.

"Now, my son," I said, "if you come
to work for me you will occasionally
have to write telegrams and take
down telephone messages. Hence a
pretty high degree of schooling is es-
sential. Are you fairly well educated?"

"The boy smiled confidently.
"I be," he said.—Independent.

Quantity Not Quality.
Teacher—Willie, have you whis-
pered today without permission?
Willie—Yes, wunst.

Teacher—Johnnie, should Willie
have said "wunst"?
Johnnie (triumphantly)—No, ma'am,
he should have said twis.

The Real Thing.
"You say your husband was cut by
his neighbors at the party?"
"Yassah, dat's so, sah."

"Did they cut him with malice pre-
tense?"
"No, sah; wiv a razah, sah."

The supply of talk always exceeds
the demand.

Hungry Little Folks

find delightful satisfaction in
a bowl of toothsome

Post Toasties

When the children want
lunch, this wholesome nour-
ishing food is always ready to
serve right from the package
without cooking, and saves
many steps for mother.

Let the youngsters have
Post Toasties—superb sum-
mer food.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Co., Limited.
Battle Creek, Mich.

A parson was applied to for advice
by a member of his congregation, who
complained of the continual noise
made on a trombone by a next-door
neighbor.

"Can a man," he asked, "who prac-
tices on such an instrument from
morning to night, be a good Chris-
tian?"

"Such a man might possibly be a
good Christian," the parson replied,
"but his next-door neighbor couldn't."